

# The Mountain Advocate.

Official Organ of the Republican Party in Knox County.

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BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1912

Vol. IX. No. 2

## INTERVIEW

### Given Out by Revenue Collector W. W. Wiseman, of this District

The following interview was given out yesterday, which will be read with interest in this Revenue District:

Hon. W. W. Wiseman, Collector of Internal Revenue in this district, was asked today regarding the numerous reports that have been published to the effect that he would give meagre consideration to the Eleventh Congressional district in the matter of appointments to revenue positions. A Washington dispatch published in the Courier Journal was called to the attention of Collector Wiseman wherein it was declared that his course had added fuel to the Roosevelt fires in the "Bloody Eleventh." He declared most emphatically that the policy he would pursue would be for the good of the service and that so far as the Eleventh District is concerned it would be taken care of fully as well if not better in the future, than in the past. He states that Congressman Powers and himself are on the most cordial terms and that all reports to the contrary are absolutely without foundation. Collector Wiseman stated that while he would make some changes his efforts are solely in the direction of improving the service. He proposes to recognize the Gibraltar of Republicanism as fully as it is within his power and he wishes to assure those loyal followers that they will receive a liberal helping to pie all the while. This emphatic declaration on the part of Collector Wiseman will serve to put at rest the various reports to the effect that the Eleventh would not be properly recognized.

The Kentucky Educational Association will hold its forty first annual session in the city of Louisville on June 25-27. The Secretary has been an active campaigner to increase the membership to 2,500. Other states like Oklahoma and Indiana have from 6,000 to 8,000 teachers represented annually in the State Teachers' Association. The officers of the Kentucky Educational Association believe that the teachers of this state should be as loyal to their association as those of any other State.

### The Concert Trio

The Concert Trio, the fourth number of the series of Lyceum entertainments which was given at Union College Chapel last Saturday was not up to the high standard set by the preceding numbers, a fact brought about by several causes. The company had been playing in the extreme north and the jump to the south where climate was so different resulted in two members of the company contracting colds which greatly interfered with their being able to render the musical numbers as perfectly as would have been otherwise. However they had been advertised to appear on that date and there was nothing to do but proceed with the entertainment although working hardships upon the entertainers.

### Great Masonic Event

Masons all over the world are showing an interest in an event to be held on April 17 next, in connection with the placing of the Keystone in the arch over the main entrance to the San Diego Exposition. While this big celebration will not open until January 1, 1915, the extensive plans being carried out necessitate active and energetic

work every minute until that date for the San Diegans intend to have their big show absolutely on time. That is why they have progressed so fast as to be able to announce the placing of the keystone on April 17.

The Knights Templar, Royal Arch and Royal Select Masons will have charge of the imposing ceremonies connected with the placing of the great keystone. In California alone 8,000 Masons will gather to attend these ceremonies. Arizona, New Mexico, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Colorado, and other states will send delegations. Some masonic authorities say that this ceremony has never been performed since the days of Solomon, which will help to show why so much importance is being attached to it in Masonic circles. The pageantry accompanying this celebration will be impressive, companies of Knights Templar on white chargers, others mounted only on black chargers (all of them gorgeously appareled), aiding to create a spectacle which those who witness it will never forget.

It looks as if the butter trust had overstepped its reasonable limit recently when it made its last raises in the market quotations. The makers of oleo-margarine promptly saw their opportunity and advanced arguments, based largely on the price, why "oleo" should be used instead of butter. In consequence there was a large increase in the sale of the butter substitute. Probably this was due to the demand by hotel and boarding house keepers. The public at large is not yet so accustomed to the use of the artificial or imitation butter as to buy it knowingly, although it may be quite wholesome. Many persons would probably be surprised to learn that they have been eating oleo-margarine, or "butterine," for years believing all the time that they were eating "creamery butter."

### Fatal Fanaticism

On the day that Rev. Frank W. Sanford was sentenced to ten years imprisonment for the death of members of his sect through his blind religious fanaticism, Mrs. Eliza Thrope of Macon, Ga., undertook to walk on the water by faith, and sank down into it and was drowned. After attending a meeting of the "Holy Roller" religious society she became inflamed with the enthusiastic belief that she could walk on water and that God would hold her hand and keep her from sinking. She ran down to the river, took off her shoes and cloak, and waded into the water. She kept on till she stepped beyond her depth, when the current caught her and swept her under, and when they recovered her body ten minutes later life was extinct. Nearly a hundred persons on the bank witnessed the tragedy. The danger of our time is not too much but too little faith. Now and then we find persons like Sanford, whose fanatic faith brought punishment by the courts, and Mrs. Thrope whose abnormal religious zeal made her a suicide. There are laws in the natural world as imperative as in the spiritual world, and if they are broken inevitable penalties will fall. There are larger answers to faith than most people would believe, and yet there are more limits in the operations of law than an insane fanaticism will admit. Poor Mrs. Thrope had no right to presume that, because Christ held Peter up while he walked on the water, such a miracle would be wrought in her behalf.

And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said, Come. And he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. (Matt. 14: 28, 29.)—Christian Herald.



The Orchestral Entertainers, a company of young ladies performing on the violin, cornet, flute, cello and piano, will be the attraction of the Lyceum course at Union College next Tuesday evening, Feb. 27. This number is claimed to be the best on the local course this season. It is a show that commands 75 cts elsewhere but the local prices will be the same. Union College, Feb. 27.

## DONT FAIL TO SEE

### VICTOR WARREN

Ohio's Favorite Entertainer

Draw funny pictures, blindfolded, of familiar characters about town. Hear him sing the LATEST SONGS with beautiful colored slides.

AT UNION COLLEGE CHAPEL  
Friday and Saturday Nights, Feb. 23 and 24

Complete change of program each night

ADMISSION 15 CENTS

CHILDREN 10 CENTS

RESERVED SEATS 10 CENTS EXTRA

### MARRIAGE.

Marriage, which has been the bourn of so many narratives, is still a great beginning, as it was to Adam and Eve, who kept their honeymoon in Eden, but had their first little one among the thorns and thistles of the wilderness. It is still the beginning of the home epic—the gradual conquest or irremediable loss of that complete union which makes the advancing years a climax, and age the harvest of sweet memories in common.

Some set out, like Crusaders of old, with a glorious equipment of hope and enthusiasm, and get broken by the way, wanting patience with each other and the world.—George Eliot.

"Why, how do you do, my dear sir?"

"You can't just place me, can you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. You are Mr. Bjerkens, whom I meet in the humorous paragraphs nearly every day."

Among what may be called death-bed jests that of the Rev. James Guthrie of Stirling, one of the Covenanters martyrs, deserves a high place. Lord Guthrie recalls the story in "From a Northern Window." Mr. Guthrie was executed at the cross in High street, Edinburgh. The night before he asked for cheese for supper. His friends wondered, for the physicians had forbidden him to eat cheese. But he said, with a smile, "I am beyond the hazard of all earthly diseases."

## THE ASSETS OF FIRST NATIONAL BANK

February 20, 1912 were \$219,074.66  
February 20, 1911 163,322.63  
INCREASE for year \$55,752.03

A bank's assets is what it owns in the way of money, government bonds, notes, real and personal property.

You will observe that this bank has increased its assets \$55,752.03 in one year.

This bank is one of the depositories for the funds of the United States Government.

Do business with a growing, prosperous bank, and with the bank that is handling "Uncle Sam's" money.

This Bank Pays Interest on Time  
Deposits

First National Bank  
Barbourville, : Ky.

## COOPERATION

### One of the Solutions of the High Cost of Living Problem

The whole world is anxiously studying the problems presented by the present high cost of living.

Political issues have arisen in many countries because of the universal high prices for the necessities of life.

The greatest political and social economists in the world have been giving earnest thought to the solution of these grave problems.

In the business and financial world, the situation has caused real apprehension. Note what one of the most conservative editors in Wall Street says of it:

### High Prices and Unrest

The high cost of living is creating great unrest in many countries. Conditions are becoming especially grave in Germany, Austria-Hungary and France. German officials are becoming very anxious for the coming winter and especially for the election of the new Reichstag which will occur in January. Judging from the by-elections recently held the Socialists Radicals will carry everything before them.

A wireless message to the New York Times of October 29, says that a vast portion of the population of Germany is hungry and that food already selling at unheard of prices is growing more and more difficult to obtain. Mass meetings are held to ask for the repeal of duties on food stuffs. In some instances, companies and large firms, and even the Government itself, have met the increased requirement of living by granting their employees bonuses in the shape of half a month's extra salary.

Similar conditions exist in most other countries of Europe, as well as in our own country. Because of the drought of last summer, that prevailed in this and most European countries, there is a great shortage of vegetables and forage crops, and food stuffs are higher than ever before and are expected to advance much more before next spring.

It has become evident that there is a great disparity between the prices received by the producers and those paid by consumers. This means that there are too many "middle-men,"—too many grocers, butchers, druggists, etc. Too many live in cities and are living without returning full value to society. The high cost of living is likely to hasten the evolutionary change in the distribution of products that, apparently has been long delayed. We see no chance of improved industrial conditions until the prices of food decline.

### Cooperation is the Remedy

High authorities, from President Taft down, have said that to make the cost of living less burdensome the consumer and producer must be brought closer together.

Elimination of the middlemen and cooperation among both producers and consumers have been suggested as ways to the end of economical living.

In England, the consumers have banded together in great cooperative organizations which procure supplies in large quantities, manufacturing many of them, and retail them to members of the organizations at reduced cost, declaring dividends from the profits to the stockholders or members. In both Europe and America, there are cooperative organizations among the producers to secure the more economical marketing of their produce.

The Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Hon. Willett M. Hays, is an enthusiastic believer in corpora-

tion among the farmers. With other classes of citizens he is not so much concerned. He believes in cooperation not only among the farmers, but between the farmers and the Government. He has been working and talking on this line for years, and he explained his ideas quite freely, the other day, to the correspondent of this paper.

"The Government," said Mr. Hays, "is the biggest cooperative organization there is, or that ever was. It is beginning now to cooperate with the lesser units like the State, county and school district, in order to do for the people what they cannot do alone and unaided. 'Still further down in the economic scale, or in 'the body politic,' is a series of volunteer cooperative units, self-formed, for the purpose of grappling with the problems of production and distribution; cooperative creameries, cheese factories, stores operated by farmers' organizations, and so on.

"We have a cooperative law in business jurisprudence which has grown up around the getting-together of business firms, but we have little such jurisprudence. We need a set of laws around cooperation, instead of decisions.

### Let the State Help

"The farmer, alone and unaided," resumed the Assistant Secretary, "cannot sustain himself in competition with an organized business. How can he meet such organized

Continued on page 2

### List of Candidates

Betty Golden	13566
Mable Matthews	40409
Nan Logan	29470
Julia Smith	25560
Hilda Fisher	26926
Jess Davis	26680
Laura Hays	26475
Margaret Helton	25975
Mattie Lawson	24815
Linda Lawson	24790
Maggie Terrell	24280
Mrs. Lou Webb	24150
Sarah J. Fuson	21009
Elva Jackson	19750
Naomi Tuttle	25155
Bertha Lane	24724
Clara Lambdin	18716
Jess Ballard	21305
Dorothy Miller	23751
Gladys Stolle	22895
Kitty Carnes	22900
Bertha Hall	19565
Florence Shelton	21515
Bess Sawyer	17060
Nannie V. Seward	23325
Nila Parker	19170
Cleo Howard	19170
Francis Farmer	19062
M. E. S. S. North	19248
Louise Hyden	19536
Lutie Lockhart	19815
Mary Gilbert	25371
Elsie Wilson	21375
Myrtle Mitchell	24609
M. E. S. S. South	20119
Gladys Stratton	24876
Maud Elliot	12685
Alice Helton	19580
Tiey Miles	24775
Evelyn Black	19602
Jewel Tye	18315
Mary McDermott	20376
Cleo Jones	15245
Beatrice Croley	20476
Ethel Owens	20910
Alice Annett	20850
Lillie Williams	17005
Evelyn McClung	19840
Della Bishop	14695
Mary Berry	20065
Lon Faulkner	18915
Ida Faulkner	10945
Daisy Hard	20835
Bulah May	17917
Mary Saylor	15508
Bonnie Tye	16520
Pauline Blackburn	18149
Florence B. Norman	20348
Nora Henson	19671
Nelle Root	18265
Daisy Robison	16590
Roberta Cole	15181
Maud Cole	12141
Mattie Shelton	16376
Pearl Bullock	16381
Emma Morris	38596
Ottie Adams	18389
Lenora Lewis	17340
Luella Woodson	20126
Mollie Gibson	19225
Minnie Lewallen	21272
Miss Morey	21100
Ida Winchester	38581



## COOPERATION

Continued from page 1

business? Take a creamery in Minnesota or Wisconsin, for instance. Let us say that 100 farmers have each a \$10,000 farm. They build a \$10,000 creamery, and each one takes a \$100 interest in it. They have combined resources of \$1,000,000, and they invest 1 per cent of it in business. Now, the remaining 99 per cent of the community wealth is in the hands of the individual farmer. If a loss occurs in the management of the creamery and it is sold out to a company, the new management will exact a toll of the farmers for the next twenty years.

"What is the remedy? Let the State help sustain those creameries by giving instruction in the art of buttermaking and in business management. It has already done so to some extent. In Minnesota, the State Dairy Commission will test a sample of butter monthly, and tell the creamery submitting it whether it is following the best methods in making butter. Then the Government also send inspectors around to the creameries and they report on conditions and give advice."

## Successful Farmers' Societies

Some of the most marvelous examples of cooperation are to be found in the credit societies among the poorer farmers of Europe. A group of the small farmers will pool their credit; that is they sign an unlimited note to bank, each pledging all of his property to the payment of the note. Up to the amount of this note the bank will loan money at a low rate of interest. When any member of the credit association wants money, he applies to the officers of the association. They appoint two or three members from among his neighbors, as a committee, which arranges with him for a given sum to be loaned—not to live on—but to be invested in a productive project. This committee is charged with keeping watch of the borrower. If the project is not being carried on properly, the committee is expected to report to the association officers and payment is demanded of the borrower.

Millions are loaned on this plan annually, and the loss from bad payments is so small as to be trifling—a fraction of 1 per cent. As the officers of the farmers' association act without salary, the interest rate is very low. Under this plan many penniless and young men who would not be able to acquire lands or even to begin farming as renters are able to gain a foothold.

## Capital Necessary

Farming is, as a rule, conducted with too little capital. A goodly proportion of farmers are renters. Another portion are paying for farms and a very small number are men who are actually going back to the land in the business. But our banks are not so responsive as they should be to supplying money to the farmers especially to the beginner and the renter. This is particularly true in the South, though the pendulum situation following the civil war is being considerably changed, and has improved much during the past several years.

Dr. S. A. Kaapp and his 500 helpers have done much to inaugurate a change in financing the annual marketing of crops as well working out better methods of plowing, planting, and cultivating. Some modified form of the European form of "raiffeisen" or farmers' credit banks, is needed in all parts of the country and especially in the South and West.

The plan started by Dr. Kaapp of

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

## Absolutely Pure

Economizes Butter, Flour,  
Eggs; makes the food more  
appetizing and wholesome

The only Baking Powder made  
from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

having a farm efficiency man employed at public expense for each county, is beginning to spread throughout the North as well as through the South. These men as advisers of credit society committee can assist many farmers who are now making very small yields to enter upon their business with a new farm plan, farm machinery, improved seeds, and a new inspiration that will enable them to make large profits on modest loans.

## A Great Organization

The Assistant Secretary of Agriculture remarked, "While there are many cooperative organizations among the farming classes today, the greatest example in the world of cooperation among farmers is that organization of growers of lemons and oranges now cooperating in the picking, packing and marketing of \$20,000,000 worth of fruit annually. In seven years they have sold about \$66,000,000 worth of fruit and their losses from collections have been less than \$6,000, or not 1-150 part of 1 per cent. Had this fruit gone to commission men it probably would not have brought \$60,000,000 and the losses and bad debts would have been tens of thousands if not hundreds of thousands of dollars."

"On the other hand, the fruit has been so well packed, has been delivered to customers (mainly in the eastern United States in such fine condition, so free from decay, and of such superior quality that I dare say the people have received more for a dollar than they would under the old regime where each grower packed his fruit without grading, shipped it in any cars he could get and left the icing entirely to the railroad employees, except in the commission cities and merchants in Eastern cities to handle the fruit without any supervision by either the producer or consumer."

"This organization recently took one of the brightest young men in the Department of Agriculture, where he was getting \$4,000 a year and made him their efficiency expert at a salary of \$10,000."

Cooperation is growing rapidly in favor. It is practiced among farmers in Denmark, England, New Zealand, Canada, the United States and many other countries.

## Big "Spuds" Imports Due

New York, Feb. 15.—Six large consignments of potatoes are expected to arrive in New York from abroad during the next two days, bringing the total receipts for the season up to a million sacks. The duty on the entire quantity will foot up to nearly \$700,000.

Imports will decrease from now on, as Germany and France are both buying heavily in Ireland and England. This is the first year that America has gone abroad for potatoes since 1908.

In the United States growers raise about seventy-five bushels of potatoes to the acre, while in England and Ireland the crops run from 200 to 235 bushels to the acre.

The change that is coming over the country is illustrated in a rather marked degree when the suggestion

can be made seriously that a woman be named for the Supreme Bench without causing any one to smile. The successful candidate for the Presidency next year will without doubt be one who makes an appeal to the woman voter.

### Rules Governing the Contest

Rule 1.—This contest is open to any lady, child, church, Sunday school or lodge, and will run approximately six months.

Rule 2.—The votes will be counted every Wednesday evening at six o'clock by a disinterested committee appointed by the contest managers and the results published in the Mountain Advocate the same week.

Rule 3.—No employee of the Parker Mercantile Co., or the Mountain Advocate will be allowed to enter in this contest.

Rule 4.—Any candidate whose vote fails to increase in two weeks at any time will be dropped from the contest and their votes thrown out and not allowed to count for any one.

Rule 5.—No votes will be allowed to be solicited by any candidate or any of their friends inside the store of the Parker Mercantile Co.

Rule 6.—Votes will be given on all purchases amounting to 25 cents and upwards at the rate of one vote for each one cent of purchase, or 1100 votes for each \$10 purchase; or 1000 votes for each \$1.00 paid either on back subscription, renewal or paid in advance subscription to the Mountain Advocate. Or 200 votes for each one dollar paid on all accounts made at the Parker Mercantile Co., prior to January 1st, 1912.

Rule 7.—All votes must be deposited in the presence of one of the contest managers, and must be voted upon a ballot furnished for that purpose alone and countersigned by a representative of the Parker Mercantile Co., or Chas. D. Cole, as editor of the Mountain Advocate.

Rule 8.—All votes must be deposited at the time of purchase and must remain in the possession of the Parker Mercantile Co., until the contest closes, and no votes will be allowed to be transferred from a retiring candidate to any other contestant or any one.

**Position**  
**BOOKKEEPING**  
Business, Phonography,  
TYPEWRITING and  
TELEGRAPHY  
**WILBUR R. SMITH BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
Inc. and Reformer, Commercial College Ky. California.  
The President has years of experience in mercantile and banking business, also 22 years training 10,000 young men and women for success. 80¢ Enter now.  
Miss WILBUR R. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.

## For Sale

I have a farm within one half mile of the corporate limits of a city of Barbourville. 8 room frame dwelling. Good barn, good coal and some timber. Also one lot with 6 room cottage; 1 large store house—large barn, good water, good walk on newly paved street. Water plug at gate; electric lights and gas. Also one 3 acre lot, high and dry on same street. One large lot on Main street. I will sell cheap for cash. If you wish a bargain, see me.

W. H. McDonald,  
Circuit Clerk's office.

## BOY SCOUTS IN RUSSIA

Tiny Warriors Go Through Their Evolutions Under the Eye of the Emperor.

The review of the boy scouts by the czar at St. Petersburg was a delightful spectacle. The vast expanse of the Mars field was checked by the scarlet, green, white and khaki uniforms of the tiny warriors, whose evolutions were watched with delight by immense crowds. The bright sunshine was tempered by a breeze.

As the emperor and his suite rode down the lines, greeting each detachment, the boys answered in Russian soldier fashion: "We wish good health to your majesty." Each separate command then demonstrated its special aptitudes. To the accompaniment of their own bands they went through drills and gymnastic exercises. The Tashkent battalion produced some excellent fencers; the Odessa contingent, 1,000 strong, showed admirable training; there was a football team, which kicked the ball among the imperial suite, much to the czar's amusement; and small firemen climbed dummy houses. The march past of the 6,000 boys lasted 40 minutes. One little drummer was five years old. A tiny brigade had a tiny ambulance drawn by a donkey. The czar, who was hugely delighted, thanked each detachment, and after the review expressed his gratitude to the officers and the schoolmasters.

The movement is growing rapidly. Russia will soon have 200,000 boy soldiers.

## A SURE THING



Customer—Is this cough medicine a drug thing?

Druggist (absently)—It is, for the manufacturer.

## KEEP SHOULDERS STRAIGHT.

Comparatively few people have really evenly balanced shoulders; there may not be much difference according to the casual observer, but a dressmaker or tailor will make no secret of the fault. Of course, padding is resorted to, but this does not always remedy the fault. The worse the deformity the more patient and persistent effort is required. Because the right shoulder dips just a trifle, do not ignore the fact, for middle age will find the trouble to have progressed considerably. Take your place in a stiff backed chair and practice raising and lowering the higher shoulder for 20 to 30 times a day. In fact, practice this exercise whenever the occasion will permit. Keep the back erect against the back of the chair, and you will soon see an improvement.

## THUS A MISSION EXPANDED.

Ten years ago the Rev. P. N. Tsu, now the rector of the only self-supporting native church of the Protestant Episcopal mission in China—St. Saviour's, Shanghai—came to Wust with two boys and lived on his boat until he could establish a mission. He was soon joined by the Rev. G. F. Mosher. The work has expanded, as it does in all stations where men can be supplied, until there are now two compounds—on one a dispensary and residence, on the other the chapel, a mission's building, a residence for the woman's building, and soon there will be a church and a catechists' school.—From the Spirit of Missions.

## TRUE AUTHORITY.

Self-government, with tenderness. Here you have the condition of all authority over children. The mother should consider herself as her child's sun, a changeless and ever-radiant world, whither the small, restless creature, quick at tears and laughter, light, fickle, passionate, full of storms, may come for fresh stores of light and warmth, of calm and courage. The mother represents the divinity to childhood. The religion of a child depends on what its mother and father are, not on what they say.

## SHERIFF'S SALE FOR TAXES

By virtue of State, county and school taxes due the State of Kentucky and the county of Knox for 1911, I will on Monday, Feb. 26, 1912 at 1 o'clock p. m., it being a regular county court day, at the front door of the court house in Barbourville, Ky., will offer for sale for cash in hand to the highest and best bidder the following described property, to-wit:

DISTRICT NO. 1				
NAME	DESCRIPTION	NEAREST RES.	TAX PENALTY, COST	
Brooks Emma	1-4 acre land	John Arthur		\$1.88
Baker Dave	20 "	L. G. Morris		3.69
Ensley Will	1-2 "	Jas. Terrell		4.95
Hopper Mrs. Jane	3 "	Lewis Pope		1.45
Jones Ben & wife	16 "	Will parrot		10.42
Lockard John T.	3-4 "	Geo. Jackson		3.70
Sutton Daniel	1-4 "	Margaret Hall		5.53
Miller M. P.	1 lot in B'ville			3.23

DISTRICT NO. 2.				
Baker Calvin	9-10 "	Artemus		5.13
Mahan John	10 "	Louisville Property Co.		3.82
Myrick Laura	6-1-2 "	George Jenkins		5.01
Myrick Axie	20 "	A. V. Orick		3.60
West Bettie "Hues"	75 "			13.07

DISTRICT NO. 3				
Brewer B. M.	60 "	John Carnes		12.00
Brown Gilbert	15 "	Henry Burnett		4.88
Bingham Caloway	1-2 "	Vina Baker		6.50
Gray James Sr.	40 "	Pal Carnes		6.50
Goodin Robert	2-1-2 "	Wm. Smith		17.76
Howard Margaret	1 "	Alex Walker		5.71
" Ida	1 "	Dan Slusher		2.35
Mills George	3 "	Flem Carnes		4.15
Tom Pogue	1 "	B. J. Stacy		4.47
Poe Andy	1-4 "	Jane Baker		4.47
" W. P.	1-1-4 "	Thoms Dozier		6.49
Walker Mary J.	4 "	Sam Brewer		3.68
" Sarah	13-4 "	Bill Bingham		3.09

DISTRICT NO. 4				
Baker John	90 "	Thos. Hubbard		23.92
Brown George	50 "	Silas Brown		4.47
" Gus	15 "	Geo. Brown		5.21
Jones William	10 "	Allen Grub		3.81
Gray Gilbert	105 "	Jas. Taylor		9.97
" Spencer	75 "	Jas. Smith		8.58
Taylor George	100 "	Jno. H. Mills		5.80

DISTRICT NO. 5				
Abner Mary J.	100 "	Sam Cobb		7.43

CORBIN DISTRICT				
Loore L.	1 "	Donie Martin		1.63
Butt Sarah	4 "	P. M. Lambert		23.89
Taylor Martha M.	1 "	C. Parrot		1.42

DISTRICT NO. 6				
Barton Joseph	1-1-4 "	Henry Petry		4.47
Baker E. L.	2 "	Frank Hart		3.72
Engle Nannie	33 "	Jno. B. Engle		2.36
Irvin Thos. D.	5 "	Jess Irvin		7.04
" J. A.	1 "	Thos. Irvin		7.04
Olsen Jennie	1-1-4 "	Bill Bennett		4.78
Thoma W. H.	8 "	J. A. Moore		5.92

WILTON DISTRICT				
McVey George	4 "	Jas. Holton		3.97

DISTRICT NO. 8				
Campbell Jno. Y.	100 acres land	Wiley Hughes		12.34
Logan Blake	14 "	Dave Main		7.62

## THE WORLD ALMANAC

1912 Edition

In this compact volume of valuable and interesting information, a complete up-to-date history is given. You will find accurate particulars of the special sessions of Congress, the elections, census statistics and comparisons, reciprocity, the Panama Canal, markets, crops, increase in price of staple products, new of living, social advancement, records and disasters, scientific discoveries, explanations and innovations of 1911, war, international disagreements and other great historical events, growth of the United States, increasing population and wealth of countries, State and municipal statistics, Congressional records, sporting records, currency, weights and measures, weather forecasts, universities and schools, religious orders, industries, commerce, railroads, shipping, lists of nations, armies and navies of the world, banking, money, taxes, insurance, political parties, secret societies, clubs, myths, marriage, divorce and death, woman suffrage and

10,000 Other Facts and Figures Up to Date of every day interest and value to everybody. No merchant, farmer, laborer, business man, housewife or business woman, school boy or school girl should be without a copy of the valuable 1912 reference volume of useful information. Page 36c. (West of Buffalo and Philadelphia, Pa.) By mail, 35c. Address The New York World, New York.



## Too Cold to Fence

Don't try to build a fence during this kind of weather. Let it go until it gets warmer,—but, when you do get ready, buy your fencing materials from Robt. W. Cole, agent for the Stewart Iron Works, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

**MONEY IN TRAPPING FURS**

We tell you how, and pay best market prices. We are dealers; established in 1860; and can do BETTER for you than agents or commission merchants. References any bank in Louisville. Write for weekly price list.

**M. SABEL & SONS**  
227-29-31 & 33 E. Market St. LOUISVILLE, KY.  
Dealers in FURS, HIDE, WOOL.

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## LOCALS

Last show of season the Orchestral Entertainers, at Union College, Feb. 27.

Col E. Dishman has been in Frankfort this week seeing about that new uniform.

Mrs. I. Lee Caldwell, of Pittsburg was the guest of Mrs. Perry V. Cole Thursday and Friday of this week.

P. D. Black and Chas. D. Cole attended the dance at Middlesboro Thursday night.

Dr. Ed Faulkner has been spending a few days at home this week.

Jas. Eversole, the ever popular traveling salesman, was in town today.

J. M. and Felix Russell, of London were calling on the trade in this city this week.

Miss Lena Wilson, now located at Corbin, as book keeper for the Standard Oil Co., was home Sunday.

G. Brittain Lytle left Wednesday for Harlan county to look after some coal interests belonging to their family.

Dr. J. S. Lock delivered a very interesting lecture on the "Hook Worm" at Union College Chapel last Friday evening. His lecture was well delivered and instructive and was illustrated by stereopticon views.

SALESMEN WANTED to look after our interest in Knox and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.

Address Lincoln Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

An entertainment consisting of readings by the expression students, musical numbers by those in class of music, an address by Rev. F. W. Harrop, and patriotic airs rendered by the orchestra was given at Union College Chapel Thursday evening commemorating the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the birth of Geo. Washington. The affair was greatly enjoyed by the large audience which filled the house to overflowing.

J. S. Lock called at this office just as we were going to press and left a copy of an analysis of the river water which he had sent to the State Laboratory to have analyzed. This came in too late for this week's publication but will appear in next week's issue. This should be of interest to all the people as it is the water most commonly used here.

Mrs. Nannie Harkroad returned home from Knoxville, where she has been for the past few months, visiting her mother.

D. W. Slusher, of Flat Lick, was a caller at this office Friday.

Hugh Smith, Gen. Mgr. of the Anchor Coal Co., was a business caller in this city today.

## L. & N. Time Card

### North Bound

No. 22 Daily, due..... 10:09 a. m.  
No. 12 " except Sunday..... 1:52 p. m.  
No. 24 Daily, due..... 11:24 p. m.

### South Bound

No. 22 Daily, due..... 8:24 p. m.  
No. 11 " except Sunday..... 9:44 a. m.  
No. 21 Daily, due..... 9:45 a. m.

Street car leaves Hotel Jones twenty minutes before the scheduled time for trains.

## Church Directory

### CUMBERLAND RIVER BAPTIST CHURCH

Every Sunday in each month.  
Morning Service..... 10:45 a. m.  
Evening "..... 7:30 p. m.  
Sabbath School..... 9:45 a. m.  
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday..... 7:30 p. m.  
REV. A. C. HUTSON, Pastor.

### FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Every Sunday in each month.  
Morning Service..... 10:45 a. m.  
Evening "..... 7:30 p. m.  
Sabbath School..... 9:30 a. m.  
Prayer Meeting, Thursday..... 7:30 p. m.  
M. B. C., 1st & 3rd, Mondays..... 7:30 p. m.  
REV. F. W. H. HROP, Pastor.

### CHRISTIAN CHURCH SERVICES

Morning Service..... 11:00 a. m.  
Evening "..... 7:30 p. m.  
Sabbath School..... 9:45 a. m.  
Junior Endeavor..... 9:30 a. m.  
S. S. Workers' Con., Tues..... 7:30 p. m.  
Prayer Meeting, Tuesday..... 7:45 p. m.

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH SERVICES

First and Third Sunday in each month.  
Morning Service..... 11:00 a. m.  
Evening "..... 7:30 p. m.  
Sabbath School..... 9:45 a. m.  
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday..... 7:30 p. m.  
REV. ROBT. L. BROWN, Pastor.

### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH

Second and Fourth Sunday in each month.  
Morning Service..... 11:00 a. m.  
Evening "..... 7:30 p. m.  
Sabbath School..... 9:45 a. m.

### ST. GREGORY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

Mass and Sermon every First Sunday of the month, at 8:30 a. m.  
Sermon and Evening Prayer, every Third Sunday of the month, at 7:30 p. m.  
REV. P. AMBROSE REGER, O. S. B., Pastor, Corbin, Ky.

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The best show of the season, the Orchestral Entertainers, Feb. 27.

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BARBOURVILLE, KY.,

Phones: Office, 36. Residence, 96.

### Indian Creek Clippings

This was delayed last week.

A. C. Cooper, was in Barbourville the first of the week on business—Mrs. N. J. Logson and little son Vernon of Indian Gap, were guests of her sister Esom Smith a few days last week.—James P. Campbell, of Lindsay was calling on his best girl Miss Ada Campbell Sunday.—Rev. Robt. Shores, of Place, and Rev. Baker, of King, preached at this place Saturday and Sunday.—Bessie Brown, of Indian Gap was a guest of Ada Campbell Sunday night.—Columbus Harris, of Place was here Monday on business.—W. H. Campbell and Jno. M. Engle, were in Wilton, Wednesday on business.—Geo. and Charles Campbell, of Lindsay, were calling on Bessie and Janete Perman Sunday.—John Smith and wife were in Wilton, Thursday guests of relatives—Lizzie Cooper, was a guest of Emma Cooper Sunday.—Mary Cooper, who has been on the sick list for the past few days is reported no better.—Susannah Blankenship, of Corbin, was a guest of Tava Smith, Sunday.—America Campbell, was a guest of her daughter Mrs. Ellen Cooper Sunday afternoon.—Ernest Jackson of Swan Lake was calling on Miss Anna Cooper, Sunday.—Robert Shores, and W. J. Helton were guests of Mr. M. B. Cooper, Sunday.

Rose-bud.

Philip Lee, of Wilton, was calling on Lidia Engle Sunday afternoon.—W. H. Campbell, made a business trip to Corbin Monday.—Sally Engle, and Francis Campbell were in Wilton, Saturday on business.—John Engle, and daughter Lidia, were in Barbourville, Tuesday doing some shopping.—Joseph Helton, is very ill at present with Lagrippe.—Messrs A. M. Terrell of Swan Lake and W. H. Chance, of Lindsay, were pleasant guests of J. H. Cooper, Sunday afternoon.—Arla Williams,

was visiting homefolks at Barbourville the latter part of the week.—John A. Campbell and wife were guests of their daughter Mrs. Cooper, Sunday.—Lizzie Cooper, was a guest of Bessie Brown Saturday night.—John Smythe and wife were guests of Frank Smythe and wife of Wilton Sunday.—Frank Helton and wife of Wilton, were guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Engle the latter part of the week.—Lidia Engle is visiting relatives at Wilton, this week.—Emma Cooper, was a guest of Lizzie Cooper Friday afternoon.—Marguerite Smythe was a guest of her daughter Mrs. Ellen Smythe of Wilton Wednesday night.

### Swan Lake Lines

A. M. Terrell made a business trip to Barbourville, Saturday.—Mary and Jenny Faulkner were the guests of their sister, Maud Warfield Saturday and Sunday.—Maggie Terrell spent last Saturday and Sunday with homefolks. Miss Lula left Saturday for Lindsay Ky., where she will spend the week with Ora and Estella Warfield.—Mayme Terrell was the guest of Miss Sarah Warfield Saturday and Sunday.—Stella Partin was the guest of Iva Jackson Sunday evening.—R. W. Fultz was a pleasant guest at R. M. Jackson Sunday.—Martha Terrell was the guest of Mrs. Maud Warfield Saturday and Sunday.—G. B. Lawson was the guest of D. B. Faulkner of Indian Creek spent Sunday with homefolks.—G. W. Terrell left Thursday for Honeywell, Kansas where he will remain for a while.—Mary McNeil spent Saturday and Sunday with Hattie Detherage.—Flora Rose spent Sunday with Nannie and Ida Partin.—C. G. Jackson was calling on Marie Faulkner Sunday evening.—Russ Faulkner was at this place Sunday.—Lula Jackson was the guest of Stella Partin Monday.—Elijah McNeil was a pleasant guest of G. B. Detherage Saturday and Sunday.—Charley Terrell was calling on his best girl Estella Warfield Saturday night.—Ellen Warfield spent Thursday night with her sister Mary Linda Elliott.—Partin was the guest of Edd Jackson Sunday.

### Hopper Hummers

The people in and around our quiet little burg are trying to get the wheels of industry to rolling by burning broom sage, cutting briars and the like, preparing for their crops.—A series of meeting just closed at the Crane Pest Church Sunday. Better known as Garlands Church, they had several additions.—Rev. George Clouse united with the church for I am told the ninth time, let us hope he has found the pearl of great price, at last.—S. C. Rice returned from London Friday where he had been on business.—There is not anything of interest or nothing strange in our vicinity every thing is quiet.

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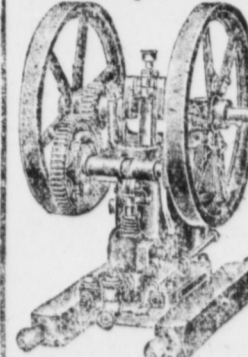
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This Mop Wringer is the only machine ever invented that will wring and clean a mop thoroughly. It not only takes out the dirt and leaves the mop clean, but it wrings it so dry that there is hardly any moisture left in the mop. The floor is never left streaked, as you are always using a clean mop. The machine is very simple to operate and requires no skill, as anybody can use it, man, woman or child. It is a labor saver, as one person will do the work quicker and better than three with any other device known. The mop sets on the platform and is not attached to the machine and can be moved at any time. It is always ready for use and there are no parts to get out of order. A trial of our machine will convince you that its work is perfect. We have yet to find a dissatisfied customer.

If your dealer does not handle this Mop Wringer, write direct to us. MYERS WRINGER CO., Manuf'rs, Mohawk, N. Y.

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We take pleasure in announcing that we have purchased the entire stock of general merchandise of Mr. W. H. Detherage, and we have since made additional purchases making the most complete line of general merchandise ever displayed in Barbourville. We are going to sell these goods at lower prices than ever sold in this or any other city,—even bargain sales.

We do not expect to have bargain sales, but do expect to offer good bargains every day and handle the best goods the markets afford.

We have over 60 Ladies' tailored skirts ranging in price from \$2.50 to \$12.50 that we expect to sell at greatly reduced prices. We have 6 Ladies' suits latest style which we will sell at about one half regular price. We will also offer some extra bargains in hats and caps, clothing and furnishing goods. We will also buy produce and pay highest market prices.

We want your patronage and assure you we will make it to your interest to trade with us.

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# The Pool of Flame



By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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apprehensive, constantly on guard against some unforeseen peril.

Now, he asked himself, what could it be? What threatened her? And why?

He dimly promised himself the pleasure of her acquaintance, relying in the rapid intimacy that springs up between strangers on a long voyage, with a still more indefinite intention of putting himself at her service in any cause that she might be pleased to name, provisionally; she must not interfere with his plans for reaching Rangoon "in ninety days."

That night he was hoping to find the lady at dinner; but though the ship's company was small, he failed to see her in the saloon, at either the captain's, the chief officer's or the doctor's table; nor, so far as he could determine, was she taking the air on deck. Was it possible, then, that he had been right, that she had a reason equally as compelling as his own for secluding herself? Or, was it simply (and infinitely more probably) that Mrs. Pryne was indisposed, an enervated victim of excessive heat?

The latter conjecture proved apparently the right one. Mrs. Pryne failing to appear during the two following days, while the Panjab was rocking down the Red Sea channel; and O'Rourke grew interested enough (he had little else to occupy his mind, for a duller voyage he had never known) to give Danny permission to pursue his inquiries; with an injunction, however, prohibiting too lavish an expenditure of the boy's wealth of affection. Whereupon Danny returned with the information that the mistress of Cecile, the maid, was suffering from heat exhaustion.

This was entirely reasonable. O'Rourke accepted the demolition of his airy castles of Romance, laughed at himself, in part was successful in putting the woman out of mind; doubtless, in time, he would have done so altogether, had not the lady chosen to take the air the night that the Panjab negotiated the Straits of Dab-el-Mandeb. For on that same night, O'Rourke, himself wakeful, was minded to sit up and watch the lights of Perim Island leave into view.

O'Rourke, in a deck-chair on the starboard side, well cloaked in the shadow of the deck above, watched the other passengers, one by one, quiet their chatter, yawn, stretch and slip below to stuffy staterooms.

He suffered a dreamy eye to rove where it would, greedy of the night's superb illusion.

Four bells—two o'clock—chimed upon his consciousness like a physical shock. He verified the hour by his watch and, reluctantly enough, agreed that it was time he got himself to bed. He half rose from his chair, then sank back with an inaudible catch of his breath. Without warning the apparition of a white-clad woman had invaded the promenade deck. For an instant he hardly credited his eyes, then, with a nod of recognition, he identified Mrs. Pryne.

Unquestionably unconscious of his presence in the shadow, she fell to pacing to and fro. Now and again, she stopped, and with chin cradled in her small hands, elbows on the rail, watched the approaching cliffs of Arabia; then, with perhaps a sigh, returned to her untimely constitutional.

Partly because he had no wish to startle her, partly because he was glad to watch unobserved (he had a rare eye for beauty, the O'Rourke), the wanderer sat on without moving, stirred only by active curiosity. The strangeness of her appearance upon deck at such an hour fascinated his imagination no less than her person held his eye. He gave himself over to vain and profitless speculation.

Why, he wondered, should she keep to her cabin the greater part of the evening, only to take the air when none might be supposed to observe her?

Why, if not to escape such observation? Then, he told himself, he must be right in his supposition that she had something to fear, someone to avoid. What or whom? What was it all, what the mystery that, as he watched her, seemed to grow, to cling about her like some formless, insupportable garment?

Events conspired to weave the man into the warp and woof of her affairs; more quickly than he could grasp the reason for his sudden action, he found himself a-foot and dashing aft at top speed. But an instant gone Mrs. Pryne had passed him, unmolested and wrapped in her splendid isolation; and then from the after part of the deck he had heard a slight and guarded cry of distress, and a small swimming sound.

In two breaths he was by her side and found her struggling desperately in the arms of a lascar—a deck-hand on the steamer.

At first the strangeness of the bust-

ness so amazed O'Rourke that he paused and held his hand, briefly rooted in action. For although it was apparent that she had been caught off her guard, wholly unprepared against assault, and while she struggled fiercely to break the lascar's hold, the woman still uttered no cry. A single scream would have brought her aid; yet she held her tongue.

The two, the woman's slight, white figure and the lascar's gaunt and sinewy one, strained and fought, swaying silently in the shadows, tensely, with the effect of a fragment of some disordered nightmare. But then, as the lascar seemed about to overpower his victim, O'Rourke, electrified, sprang upon the man's back. With one strong arm deftly he embraced the fellow, an elbow beneath his chin forcing his head up and back. With the other hand O'Rourke none too gently tore away an arm encircling the woman. Then wrenching the two apart, he sent a knee crashing into the small of the lascar's back, all but breaking him in two, and so flung him sprawling into the scuppers.

Without a word the man slid upon his shoulders a full half-dozen feet, while O'Rourke had a momentary glimpse of his face in the moonlight—dark-skinned and sinister of expression with its white, glaring eyeballs. Then, in one bound, he was on his feet again and springing lithely back to the attack; and as he came on a jagged gleam of moonlight ran like lightning down the sinuous and formidable length of a kris, most deadly of knives.

O'Rourke fell back a pace or two. His own hands were empty; he had nothing but naked fists and high courage to pit against the lascar and his kris. Keenly alert, he threw himself into a pose of defence.

But O'Rourke had forgotten the woman; it was enough that he had made possible her escape, and he had no thought other than she had fled. It was, therefore, with as much surprise as relief that he caught the glimmer of her white figure as she thrust herself before him and saw the lascar bring up in the middle of a leap, his nose not an inch from the muzzle of an arm Wbley of respect-compelling caliber.

Simultaneously, he heard her voice, clear and incisive if low of tone: "Drop that knife!"

The kris shivered upon the deck. "Faith!" murmured the Irishman, "and what manner of woman is this now?"

The lascar stood as rigid as though carved out of stone, gaunt legs shining softly brown beneath his cool



Found Her Struggling Desperately in the Arms of a Lascar.

dazzling white cummerbund, the upper half of his body lost in the shadow of the deck, a gray blur standing for his turban.

O'Rourke stepped forward, with a quick movement kicking the kris overboard, and would have seized the fellow but that the woman intervened.

She said decisively: "If you please—no."

Bewildered, O'Rourke hesitated. "I beg your pardon—" he said in confusion.

She did not reply directly; her attention was all for the lascar, whom her revolver still covered. To him, "Go!" she said sharply, with a significant motion of the weapon.

The lascar stepped back, with a single wriggle losing himself in the dense shadows.

O'Rourke fairly gasped amazement at the woman, who, on her part, retreated slowly until her back touched the railing. She remained very quiet and thoroughly mistress of herself, betraying agitation only by slightly quickened breathing and cold pallor. Her eyes raked the deck on either hand; it was plain that she had no faith in the lascar, perhaps apprehended his return; yet her splendid control of her nerves evoked the Irishman open admiration.

"Faith!" he cried, breaking the tense silence, "tis yourself shames me, madam, with the courage of ye!"

She flashed him a glance, and laughed slightly. "Thank you," she returned. "I'm sure I don't know where I should be now but for you."

"Twas nothing at all. But ye'll pardon me for suggesting that ye have made a mistake, madam."

"A mistake?" she echoed; and then, thoughtfully: "No, I shouldn't call it that."

"Letting him go, I mean. Neither of us, I believe, could well identify him. When ye report this outrage to the captain, whom will ye accuse?"

"I shall accuse no one," she said quietly, "for I shan't report the affair."

"Ye will not—" he cried, astounded.

moreover, a favor which I shall ask of you, to say nothing of the matter to anyone."

O'Rourke hesitated, unwilling to believe that he had heard aright.

"Believe me," she was saying earnestly, "I have good reason for making a request so unaccountable to you."

"But—but—Mrs. Pryne—I—" "Oh, you know me then?" she interrupted sharply. And her look was curious and intent.

"I—tis—faith!" O'Rourke stammered. He felt his face burn. "Me valet told me," he confessed miserably. "Tis a bit of flirtation he's been having with your maid, Cecile, I believe, madam."

"Ah, yes." She seemed unaccountably relieved. "You, then, are Colonel O'Rourke?"

He bowed. "Terence O'Rourke, madam, and at your service, believe me."

"I am very glad," she said slowly, eyeing him deliberately, "that, since I had to be aided, it came through one of whom I have heard so much—"

"Faith, Mrs. Pryne—I—"

"And I thank you a second time, very heartily!" She offered him her hand, and smiled bewitchingly.

"Tis embarrassing me ye are," he protested. "Faith, to be thanked twice for so slight a service! I can only wish that I might do more—"

"It is possible," she said, apparently not in the least displeased by his presumption—"It is possible that I may take you at your word, Colonel O'Rourke."

In her eyes, intent upon his, he fancied that he recognized an amused flicker, with, perhaps, a trace of deeper emotion: the kindling interest of a woman in a strong man, with whose signals he was not unfamiliar. Pride and his conceit stirred in his breast.

"Would be the delight of me life," he told her in an ecstasy.

"Don't be too sure, I warn you, colonel." Her manner was now arch, her smile entirely charming. "It might be no light service I should require of you."

"Ye couldn't ask one too heavy."

But 'tis weary ye are, Mrs. Pryne," he inquired, solicitous.

"Very." There was in fact an indefinite modulation of weariness in her voice. "I'm only a woman," she said faintly, with a little gesture of deprecation; "and my ways are hedged about with grave perils—"

"Tis the O'Rourke would gladly brave them all for ye, madam," he declared gallantly. "Command me—what ye will."

She lifted her gaze to his, coloring divinely there in the moon-glamour. He looked into her curiously bewitching eyes and saw there an appeal and a strange little tender smile. Her head was so near his shoulder that he was aware of the vague, alluring perfume of her hair. Her scarlet lips parted.

And he became suddenly aware that it behooved him to hold himself well in hand. It was an easy matter to imagine himself swept off his feet, into a whirl of infatuation, with a little encouragement. And he was not unsophisticated enough to fail to see that encouragement would not be lacking if he chose to recognize it.

"Faith!" he told himself, "I'm thinking 'twould be wiser for me to take to me heels and run before . . ."

He was spared the ignominious necessity of flight. In two breaths they showed two very different pictures. Now they stood alone on the dead white deck, alone with the night, the sea, the stars, the silence and the moonlight; O'Rourke a bit dismayed and wary, but as curious as any man in such a case; the woman apparently yielding to a sudden fascination for him, swaying a little toward him as if inviting the refuge of his arms.

And now she started away, clutching at her heart, with a little choking cry of alarm; while beneath them the vessel was still quivering with a harsh yet deadened detonation like an explosion, together with a grinding crash and shriek of riven steel somewhere deep in the hold.

Inexpressibly dismayed, they stared with wide and questioning eyes at one another, through a long minute filled with an indescribable uproar; a succession of shocks and thumps in the interior of the vessel gradually diminishing in severity while, in a pandemonium of clamorous voices, the liner, like a stricken thing, hesitated in its southward surge, then slowly limped into a dead halt on the face of the waters.

## CHAPTER XX.

O'Rourke's first fears were for the woman, his first words a lie designed to reassure her.

"What—what does it mean?" she gasped faintly, her face as white as marble, her eyes wide and terrified.

"Sure, I'm thinking 'tis nothing at all," he answered readily, with a smile amending, "nothing of any great consequence, that is to say. Permit me to escort ye to your cabin."

"I'm not afraid," Mrs. Pryne interjected.

"Faith, I see that, madam. But your maid, now—? Would it not be well to return to your stateroom and quiet her, whilst I'm ascertaining the cause of this trouble? I promise to advise ye instantly, whether there's danger or not."

"You're very thoughtful," she returned. "I'm sure you're right. Thank you."

He escorted her to her stateroom and left her at the door, remarking its number and renewing his pledge to return in ten minutes—more speedily if possible. He was back in five, with a long face.

Mrs. Pryne answered instantly his double-knocked summons and, stepping out quickly, closed the door tight.

He stood for a moment, then at the woman. "Ye mean to say

in the fraction of a second that it was wide, however, O'Rourke saw one side of the stateroom warm and bright with electric light, and sitting there, Cecile the maid, completely dressed, wide awake and vigilant. The girl was French and suitably handsome after her kind. O'Rourke got an impression of a resolute chin and resolute eyes.



"You Don't Mean to Say—" He Whispered.

under level brows; and he did not in the least doubt that she was quite prepared to make good and effectual use of the revolver which she held pointed directly at the opening.

Why? From her mistress's pose, too—one arm rigid at her side, the hand concealed in the folds of her gown—O'Rourke divined that she was alert, armed, on her guard no less than the maid. But she left him no time to puzzle over the mystery.

"Well?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Tis as I thought, Mrs. Pryne. A cylinder-head has blown off and done no end of damage. We're crippled, if in no danger. The other screw will take us far as Aden, but there we'll have to wait for the next boat."

Mrs. Pryne's face clouded with dismay. "How long—a day or two?" she demanded.

"Mayhap," he replied, no less disconsolate; "mayhap as much as a week. Faith, 'tis myself that would it were otherwise, but I fear there's no mending matters."

She regarded him thoughtfully for an instant.

"Then you, too, travel in haste, colonel?"

"Indeed I do so, madam. My fortune hangs upon me haste. If I get there—there—he checked himself in time, the word Rangoon upon his lips—"too late, 'twill be all up. I'm heavy with an urgent enterprise, madam." And he smiled.

The woman looked past him, down the duck of the gangway, apparently pondering her dilemma. "What will you do?" she inquired at length.

"Faith!" he said, disturbed, "that's hard to say."

She flashed him an ironic look. "You mean you are resigned to the inevitable?"

"Be the powers!" he cried in resentment. "I'm resigned to nothing that doesn't please me. Is it that ye ask me aid? Sure, if ye do, neither the inevitable nor the impossible shall keep ye from arriving at Bombay, and on time!"

Her spirit, through her eyes, answered his in a flash. Then cooling, she looked him over from crown to toe, weighing him deliberately in the balance of her knowledge of men. He bore the inspection with equanimity, quite sure of himself, as was natural in the O'Rourke. Provoked, but on his mettle, he felt himself invincible, and showed it in every line of his pose. She could not have wavered long; indeed, her decision was quite manifest. Impulsively she caught his two hands in her own.

"Yes," she cried, "I do believe you! I take you at your word—your generous word, Colonel O'Rourke! I will trust implicitly in you. You shall get me to Bombay by the fifteenth."

"The fifteenth?" he echoed thoughtfully. "This is the tenth."

"The Panjab is scheduled to arrive on the fifteenth. All my plans depend upon there being no delays."

"Five days! . . . It shall be managed, Mrs. Pryne. Bombay by the fifteenth it shall be, or the O'Rourke will have broken his heart!"

She grew thoughtful. "You are very good—I've told you that. I believe that you will accomplish what you promise. Yet it seems hardly fair to saddle you with my cares, my perils, without informing you of their nature."

"Madam, 'tis not the O'Rourke who would ever be prying into your secrets. Let's not complicate a simple situation with explanations."

"But, colonel, there is one thing more," he paused. "It is a question," she continued, "of chartering a ship at Aden. Is it not?"

"I see no other way."

"Then—spare no expense, Colonel O'Rourke. Remember that I foot the bill."

"But—er—"

"Or, if you insist, sir, I pay nothing: Great Britain pays for both of us."

"Eh? Yes?" he stammered.

"But see, colonel."

He had before then noted indifferently that she wore a chain of thin, fine gold about her neck, its termination—presumably a locket of some sort—hidden in the folds of her corsage. Now she quietly pulled this forth, and displayed her pendant, a little trinket of gold, a running greyhound exquisitely modeled.

Stunned, he stared first at the top, then at the woman. "Ye mean to say

—?" he whispered, doubting.

"On the King's service, Colonel O'Rourke!"

"A King's courier, madam? You—a woman!"

"And why not?" she demanded proudly. "The King's messengers dare many dangers, it's true. But in some of them might not a woman serve better than a man?"

"True enough. Yet 'tis unprecedented—at least, ye'll admit, most unusual. I begin to understand. That lascar, for instance—?"

"Believe me, Colonel O'Rourke, I'm at liberty to tell you nothing."

"Tell me this, at least: would ye know him if ye saw him again?"

"Truthfully," she said, looking him in the eye, "I would not. I will say one other word: I had anticipated his attack, although I had never seen him before."

"Faith, 'tis yourself that has your courage with ye, Mrs. Pryne. . . . But good night, madam! Your servant!"

"Good night, colonel," she said softly, and as she watched him swing away laughed lightly and strangely. Later, still standing outside her door, she sighed, and an odd light glowed deep in her eyes of grayish-green. Sighing again, and with another low laugh that rang a thought derisive, as though she were flouting the man whose service she accepted so gladly, she turned and vanished within her stateroom.

As she did so, the opposite door—that of an inside stateroom on the same gangway—was opened cautiously. A turbaned head peered out, its eyes glancing swiftly up and down the corridor. Long since, however, the excited passengers had been reassured, and had returned to their berths; the coast was clear.

The lascar stepped noiselessly out, shut the door without a sound, and sped swiftly forward: a long, brown man with an impressive cast of countenance in which his eyes shone with a curious light.

As he swung into the space at the foot of the saloon companionway, he collided violently with an undersized and excessively red-headed Irishman, nearly upsetting the latter, to say nothing of a glass of brandy-and-soda which he was conveying to a certain stateroom.

"Phwat the divvie, ye damned naygur! Phwat d'ye not look where ye're going?" demanded Danny with some heat.

The East Indian backed away, bowed profoundly, mumbling something inarticulate, and sprang up the steps. Danny looked after him, for a moment hesitant, then put down the tray and pursued. He caught the flicker of the lascar's cummerbund as the latter escaped to the deck, and himself arrived at the forward end of the promenade just in time to see a white shape disappear into the steerage companionway.

"I'd take me oath," said Danny reflectively, "that he's the naygur that came aboard at Suez. 'Tis meself that wishes I'd had a better peep at the ugly mug av him. I'm thinking I'd better be after tellin' myself."

## CHAPTER XXI.

Lurching drunkenly into the harbor known locally as Aden Back Bay, the Panjab came to anchor.

O'Rourke, from the lower grating of the steamship's accommodation ladder, signaled to one of the swarm of hovering dinghies, and waiting for it to come in, reviewed the anchored shipping, gathered transiently together in that spot from the four corners of the earth, and shook his head despondingly.

A yellow-haired Somali boatman shot his little craft in to the grating. O'Rourke dropped upon the stern-seat and took the tiller. "Post Office pier," he said curtly. The dinghy shot away with dipping, dripping oars, while the Irishman continued to search among the vessels for anything that seemed to promise the speed necessary for his purpose, and failed to discover one.

"Tis hopeless," he conceded bitterly as the boat wove a serpentine wake in and out among the heaving hulks.

"And, I'm thinking, 'tis the O'Rourke who will presently be sinking back to confess he bragged beyond his powers. The fool that ye are, Terence, with your big words and your fine promises, all empty as your purse! 'Tis out of patience I am with ye entirely!"

Doubtless he made the very picture of unhappiness.

So, at least, seemed to think a man lounging in a dilapidated canvas deck-chair beneath a dirty awning in the stern of a distant tramp steamer; who, raking the shoreward-bound with a pair of rusty binoculars, had chanced to focus upon O'Rourke.

"Looks as if he hadn't a friend in the world," said the man audibly. "Looks as if a letter from home with cash draft 'ud about fill his little bill."

He grunted in pleased appreciation of his own subtle wit. A short man he was, stout, very much at home in grimy pajamas and nothing else, with eyes small, blue, informed with twinkling humor and set in a florid countenance bristling with a three days' growth of grayish beard.

He swung the glasses again upon O'Rourke, and, "Hell!" he exclaimed, sitting up with stimulated interest.

"Well, by jinks!" said the stout man. "Who'd a-thunk it?"

He got up with evident haste and waddled forward to the bridge, where he came upon what he evidently needed in his business: a huge and battered megaphone. Applying this to his lips and filling his lungs he belted, with a right good will, and his hall, not unlike the roaring of an amiable bull, awoke Aden's echoes: "O-O-Rourke!"

"Good morning," answered the Irish-

man, lifting his head to stare about him with incredulous curiosity. "Who's that barking at me?"

The pajama'd person continuing to shout at the top of his voice, by dint of earnest staring the Irishman eventually located the source of the uproar. "Now who the divvie might ye be?" he wondered. "Ananias, me friend"—to the boatman—"row to the steamer yonder where the noise comes from."

Whereupon the stout man, seeing the boat alter its course, put aside the megaphone. And again peace brooded over Aden.

On nearer approach to the tramp, O'Rourke's smile broadened to a pleased grin, and airily he waved a hand to the man with the voice.

"Jimmy Quick!" he observed with unfeigned delight. "Faith, I begin to believe that me luck holds, after all!"

From the bottom step of the tramp's ladder he tossed a coin to the boatman, then mounted to the deck. Incontinently the stout man fell heavily upon his neck with symptoms of extreme joy. A lull succeeding his first transports, he wiped his eyes, beamed upon his guest and suggested insinuatingly: "Drink?"

"Brevity's ever the soul of your wit, captain," said O'Rourke. "I will." And he meekly followed Quick's bare heels forward to the officer's quarters beneath the bridge.

Having set him in a chair, Quick, still a-gurge, wandered off, unearthed a bottle, beamed upon his visitor, asked a dozen questions in as many breaths and, without waiting for an answer, waddled off again to return with a brace of dripping soda-water bottles. "Schweppes," he said, patting their rotund forms tenderly; "and the last in our lockers—all in your honor, colonel."

"So?" commented O'Rourke. "Hard up, is it? 'Tis not the O'Rourke who would be wishing ye ill, captain, dear, but, faith, meself's not sorry to hear that word this day. I'm thinking me luck is sound, after all."

Quick had again vanished. Presently O'Rourke heard his mighty voice booming down an engine-room ventilator. "Dravos! Dravos, you loafer! Come up and see a strange sight!"

He came back, still vibrant with an elephantine sort of joy. "O'Rourke," he panted, mopping a damp brow with the sleeve of his jacket, "you're a good sight for sore eyes. Never did we meet up with you yet but there came a run of luck."

"Tis good hearing," said O'Rourke, smiling.

A slight little man slipped a bald head, relieved by ragged patches of gray hair about the temples, apologetically into the cabin door.

"The top of the day to ye, Dravos!" said O'Rourke loudly, for little Dravos was partially deaf. "And how are the engines?"

The engineer carefully hitched up his trousers and regarded the wanderer with temperate geniality.

"Good afternoon, Colonel O'Rourke," he replied, clipping his words mincingly.

With an Unconscious, Surprised Oath, O'Rourke Stepped Aside.

ly. "Very nicely, I thank you." He shook hands, sat down on the edge of a berth with the manner of one who fears he intrudes, and glanced searchingly at Quick. "If you're going to serve the drinks, cap'n," he snapped acidly, "hump yourself!"

He accepted his glass with a dispassionate air and drank hastily after a short nod to the guest, as one who sacrifices his personal inclinations to the laws of hospitality. But from his after-glow of benevolence, O'Rourke concluded that the drink had not been unwelcome.

"What brings you here?" demanded Quick in a subdued roar.

"I've a job for ye, if so be it ye're not otherwise engaged—and if ye can do it."

Quick slapped a huge thigh delightedly. "I knew it—could have sworn to it!"

"Can do anything," asserted Dravos with asperity.

"Tis merely a question of speed," explained the Irishman. "Can ye make Bombay in four days—be the fifteenth?"

"Dravos," roared Quick, "how much speed can you get out of those damned engines?"

"Twenty knots," snapped Dravos. "When can you sail?"

"To-night," said Dravos. "If," stipulated Quick, "I can pick up a crew in Aden."

"Tis settled then."

"We'll need a bit of money in advance."

Other chapters of this highly interesting story will appear next issue. Watch for them.

"O-O-Rourke!"

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man, lifting his head to stare about him with incredulous curiosity. "Who's that barking at me?"

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